To *Bona* ſiſter to the King of France,
Theſe both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and diſtreſſed widow,
Euen in the afternoone of her beſt daies
Made priſe and purchaſe of his luſtfull eye,
Seduc't the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To baſe declenſion and loathd bigamie,
By her in his vnlawfull bed he got.
This Edward whom our manets terme the prince
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Saue that for reuerence to ſome aliue
I giue a ſparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall ſelfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie:
If not to bleſſe vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall ſtocke,
From the corruption of abuſing time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued courſe.
Mai. Do good my Lord, your Cittizens entreat you.
Cates. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull ſute.
Glo. Alas, why would you heape thoſe cares on me,
I am vnfit for ſtate and dignitie,
I do beſeech you take it not amiſſe,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buc. If you refuſe it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depoſe the child your brothers ſonne,
As well we know your tenderneſſe of heart,
And gentle kinde effeminate remorſe,
Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
And egallie indeed to all eſtates,
Yet whether you accept our ſute or no,
Your brothers ſonne ſhall neuer raigne our king,
But we will plant ſome other in the throane,
To the diſgrace and downfull of your houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leaue you.
Come Citizens, zounds ile intreat no more.
Glo. O do not ſweare my Lord of Buckingham,

Catesby

Cateſ. Call them again
Ano. Do, good my lor
Glo. Would you infor
Well, call them againe, I
But penetrable to your ki
Albeit againſt my conſci
Coſen of Buckingham, a
Since you will buckle fo
To beare her burthen w
I muſt haue patience to i
But if blacke ſcandale or
Attend the ſequell of yo
Your meere inforcemen
From all the impure blo
For God he knowes, and
How farre I am from th
Mai. God bleſſe you
Glo. In ſaying ſo, you
Buc. Then I ſalute y
Long liue Richard, Eng
Mai. Amen.
Buc. To morrow wil
Glo. Euen when you
Buc. To morrow th
Glo. Come, let vs to o
Farewell good coſen, fa
Enter Queene mother, D
one doore, Duche
Du. Who meets vs
Qu. Siſter well met,
Du. No farther then
Vpon the like deuotio
To gratulate the tende
Qu. Kind ſiſter than
And in good time here
M. Lieutenant, pray yo
How fares the Prince?
Lin. Well Madam,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22315) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.3